

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

A Historical and Topographical Essay upon the Islands of Corfu, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Zante: with Remarks upon the Character, Manners, and Customs of the Ionian Greeks; Descriptions of the Scenery and Remains of Antiquity discovered therein, and Reflections upon the Cyclopean Ruins. Illustrated by Maps and Sketches. By William Goodisson, A. B. Assistant Surgeon in His Majesty's 75th Regiment. 8vo. pp. 264. London, 1822.

A MODEST and sensible preface, in which the author plainly states the objects of his work, and the qualifications he brings to the task of writing it, speak much more in his favour than we can do for him, though it will be our pleasing duty to recommend him and his work in pretty strong terms. Though disavowing all pretensions to learned acumen, Mr. Goodisson is sufficiently well-informed to understand the beauties of classical history, and has the good sense to appreciate them duly. With talents to write agreeably if not elegantly, discernment to know how to estimate what he sees, and candour and impartiality not to be warped by party or prejudice, Mr. Goodisson could not reside five years in the Ionian Islands without collecting materials for an interesting volume; such he has furnished us with in the work before us.

The islands in which Homer has laid the matchless scenes of his Odyssey must always excite an ardent interest in all who have read a line of that splendid epic; but there is now an additional charm thrown over them; this classic spot may now be considered a part of the British empire; and there is a third, and perhaps a still more powerful excitement to view them with interest—the glorious struggle in which the long-degraded descendants of the heroes of antiquity are engaged against their odious and tyrannical masters. This is a subject which makes the old and the new world turn with eyes of eager interest to the Medi-

terranean, and watch 'a tyrant fall in every blow,' that the Greeks strike; and to long for the time when the crescent shall no longer insult Europe, or a brave people be at the mercy of ferocious banditti.

Mr. Goodisson resided five years in the Ionian Islands, during which time he made it a source of amusement to compare the descriptions of the Odyssey with such local facts as offered themselves in evidence of the poet's geographical accuracy, as well as that of other less ancient authors. He acknowledges his obligations to Sir Wm. Gell's Ithaca, St. Sauveur, and indeed every other writer, we believe, to whom he has been in the least indebted. In touching on the modern history and present condition of the Greeks in the Ionian Islands, as well as of recent events, he says he has merely described the character of the Ionian Islands as it appeared to him on a five years' acquaintance with them, but he wished to throw no obloquy upon the character of the Greeks in general, much less to asperse the glorious cause of liberty in which they are engaged; he thinks, however, that with the exception of the inhabitants of a few mountainous districts, particularly Souli and Maina, the hopeless and interminable state of slavery under the Turks, has equally degraded the Continental Greeks and those of the Archipelago. The effects of that degradation, we trust, will not much longer be felt, but that a thirst for liberty, from a knowledge of its benign influence, will succeed what our author thinks the firmness and perseverance of the Greeks at present merely is 'the offspring of a spirit of freedom, generated in revenge and elevated by success.'

After a general description, in which our author estimates the population of the Ionian Islands at 200,000 persons, he proceeds to a description of Corfu, the most considerable island, and traces its various appellations, forms of government, &c. Its topography, he says, agrees almost exactly with Homer's description, and that there are ample proofs of the site of Coreyra.

Corfu is extremely strong, and, if the works were properly repaired and garrisoned, would be impregnable, but so extensive are the defences that it would take 10,000 soldiers to man them.—

'The town is, in proportion to its size, one of the meanest in construction of any in the Mediterranean. The streets are miserably-dirty narrow lanes, which, upon the occupation of the place by the British, were nearly impassable from the offal of butchers' stalls and litter of the venders of vegetables, who had been allowed to establish themselves promiscuously throughout the town. There are but two streets which might be considered habitable, (besides that which fronts the esplanade,) by a person used to the comfort and cleanliness of a well-regulated European town. These are parallel with the two centre main streets, one at each side, and in one is the church of St. Speridion. The houses are built in the Venetian manner, the lowermost story supporting the rest upon pilasters connected by arches, which form a sort of piazza at each side, nearly through the whole of the principal streets. This method of building is well suited to a hot and rainy climate, as it affords shelter from both sun and rain. The only part of the town of Corfu worthy of description or notice is the esplanade. This is, while any vegetation remains, a delightful green, which extends between the town and the ditch that separates the fortress from it. A good gravel walk, with a double row of trees at each side, unites the fortress to the town, and it has been lately carried round the whole of the green, with a double row of trees planted at each side. This affords a great source of recreation to the inhabitants of the town and garrison; and the addition of the trees is a very great improvement as well as ornament, notwithstanding the absurd notions entertained by some, that the place is rendered thereby more unhealthy; where the ventilation being preserved free, it is impossible that such effect should take place in so wide and open a space.'

The theatre was originally built for an exchange, and is as badly lighted as it is designed, though the orchestra is well filled, and the opera company tolerable.—

'The number of churches is very considerable. The officiating priest is chosen annually by the parishioners; they have [he has] no fixed stipend. In the country,

most of the churches have been built by individuals, who, as proprietors, nominate the papas. The property of the church of St. Speridion is vested in a private family; they appoint the officiating papa, who is always one of the family, and who has the right of inspecting into its revenues. The festival of St. Speridion is celebrated with great pomp. Eight days previously, the doors, windows, and steeple of the church are ornamented with festoons of laurel and myrtle. On the eve of the festival, the shrine which contains the body of the saint, whole and well preserved, is exposed to the veneration of the people. The shrine is ebony embossed with silver gilt, and enriched with precious stones. The fore part is shut up by a large glass. The saint is upright, dressed in his pontifical robes; over the shrine is supported a beautiful silk canopy. The head of the government attends the procession, with the military staff and a large proportion of the garrison under arms; a military band goes before. It first moves towards the citadel, where a royal salute is fired from each battery. They then make the round of the esplanade, and proceed along the wall at the harbour side, where a salute is fired by each ship of war decorated with her flags. In the streets through which the procession moves, the houses are all ornamented with their drapery, suspended from the windows. The ceremony is often interrupted by the sick, who are brought out upon this occasion, to be placed under the shrine, in the full confidence of a cure. It often happens that, amongst those, some are seized with frightful convulsions, which the papas know well how to turn to their account. In all public calamities the relics of the saint are exposed with the most religious confidence. This church enjoys the revenues of some lands, which pious individuals have bestowed for its support. The devotion of the insulars affords a very considerable produce. The mariner and the artizan believe that they insure the success of their speculations in sacrificing a part to St. Speridion. No boat leaves the port in which the saint has not an interest in the profits of the voyage.

The island of Leucadia, or Santa Maura, is the next in point of precedence. Here a ridge of limestone mountains terminates in a bold promontory at the southern end of the island, near which is a singularly romantic precipice long celebrated as being the scene of the fate of the unfortunate Sappho:—

'The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears from the dark blue colour, and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks; the face of the cliff falls in from the perpendicular, so that the top projects over the water, and cannot be safely looked down without lying prone near the edge; this is an ex-

periment that many are unwilling to try. It is said that, some feet below the verge of the precipice, there are several Greek letters inscribed upon the face of the rock; there are only two possible means of ascertaining this interesting fact, viz. by descending upon the security of a rope or by examining it with a good telescope from the sea; the former method might be deemed rather hazardous and difficult, if the letters be large.'

Of the Leucadians we are told, that

'A considerable portion of the year is devoted to feasting and idleness, which is encouraged and kept up by the preposterous number of saints which they have crowded into their kalendar. It has been calculated, that there are upwards of two hundred days for which religious duties furnish an exclusive privilege of exemption from all other avocations. The occurrence of a grand festival is sufficient to suspend the most necessary labour; the vintage, the gathering of salt or olive, is immediately abandoned upon these occasions, although impending destruction threaten the whole produce of the year, in the expected fall of a single night's rain. Yet, where they are not shackled by their attachment to religious ceremonies, which thus go hand in hand with their amusements, they are capable of making great exertions, and undergo much fatigue. In the intervals of the periodical labours of the year, viz. between the gathering of the grapes, the olives, and the salt, and of dressing and cultivating their vines, and managing their corn, &c. numbers of the peasantry emigrate to Albania; they there find employment at two periods, viz. the sowing season and the harvest. They are paid for their labour in kind, and in this way much of the deficit in the supply of corn is made up here and in the other islands. About six hundred people annually forsake their homes to seek a livelihood in this way. They are chiefly of the villages upon the south-east coast, and principally from Catechori. A curious circumstance is, that these emigrants adopt, in a great measure, some altogether, the manners and customs, with the language and dress of their Albanese hosts, and introduce them into their villages. A quarantine, generally of fifteen days, being in force against the opposite coast, these poor wretches are often induced to break the health laws, the temptation of avoiding so great loss of time and inconvenience being sufficiently strong for the wily Greek to put his tricks in practice.'

Near the little village of Marandocori is a delightful scene:—

'The morning mist had risen from the valley, tinged with the orange rays of the sun, and climbing gently up the mountain side, upon which the village stands, had reached the base of the latter, under which it drew a beautiful level line, resembling the surface of a lake of liquid gold, upon which the village seemed to

rest. The calmness of the atmosphere allowed it to ascend gradually, and still unbroken, when the village became first obscured, and lastly appeared like a city sunk under water. This beautiful phenomenon was watched with singular satisfaction, until the powerful rays of the sun now increasing in strength, gradually dissipated the cloud. At twenty minutes' ride from Marandocori, a little plain is crossed producing corn, at the extremity of which the most practicable of the beds of the torrents must be selected, to ascend the mountain. Upon gaining the top, a little circular plain is crossed, about one-eighth of a mile in diameter; the surface is covered with a very red powdery soil, in which are intermixed minute spangles of calcareous spar, which, with the red earth, had been washed down from the neighbouring mountains. The natives are persuaded that these splendid scales are particles of silver, and accordingly call the place—the land of silver.'

At Prevesa—

'The mosque is a curious specimen of taste in the way of architecture. It is surrounded by a colonnade, which is made up of fragments of ancient pillars of every order: a capital of the Corinthian or Composite often crowning a plain Tuscan or Doric shaft. It was obviously necessary that they should all be of the same height to support the roof; accordingly, this is the only point of uniformity in this odd assemblage, which might be well named the *disorder* of architecture. All the pillars are short, the longer fragments having been cut down to match the shorter. Some of them are beautifully fluted. In many the flutings run spirally round the shaft, which is far from being an improvement to the column: the perpendicular flutings give an idea of strength and stability, which this gothic conceit destroys altogether. There are a few rich capitals, but much mutilated, crowning these extraordinary stumps: so that of the building, one may say with Horace—

—“ut, nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.”

We find we are lingering too long at Leucadia, as we have a visit to pay to all the other islands, not before we sit down, but before we rise. At Ithaca, however, we make no stay, not even to sum up the evidence in favour of its identity with Thiaki, or to ruminate on the voyage of Telemachus, which is so identified with this spot. In Cephalonia and near the village of Cata-racho there is a curious reservoir:—

'This is a very deep basin at the foot of a lofty peak of the mountain; the width does not exceed fifty paces across, but the depth is unknown: some idea may be formed of it, however, by throwing in a white stone from a height, which will be seen descending for a considerable time. Many superstitious notions are entertained concerning this lake: it is supposed

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that no animal escapes death that falls into it, and that no part of the body ever appears afterwards; also, that the little brook which flows from it is not increased by the winter rains, nor diminished by the summer heat: a very unusual circumstance in mountain brooks, and particularly in these countries. However, these mysterious properties are easily accounted for by the steepness of its sides and the depth of its bottom, rendering it impossible for an animal to extricate himself when once fallen in; but little of the winter rains go to feed it, and its sources are so deep that the summer heats cannot reach them. The reservoir has one incalculable advantage, however, in this country, that it gives rise to a perennial brook, which, in its course to the sea, turns fourteen little water mills: these, in the dry weather, and when calms prevail, so as to render the windmills useless, and almost to threaten the island with famine, continue to work, and supply the people not only of Cephalonia but Ithaca with flour. Besides the utility of this little stream, nothing can be more beautiful and romantic than the entangled dell that conducts it in its wandering busy course to the sea. A thick cover shades its banks, composed of mastic, myrtle, and wild olive; the bitter laurel (*πικροδάφνη*), as it is called by the natives, grows here in luxuriance, and the broad plane-tree waves its golden branches over the brook in wild magnificence. The copse abounds with game in winter; abundance of woodcocks, with hares, partridges, and snipe, afford excellent sport; it is about four hours' ride from Argostoli. The black mountain at this side exhibits a very bare aspect; a large quantity of the timber having been burnt in the last year of the Venetian government, some say by accident, others affirm that it was done designedly, as, in the following season, the ground was sown with barley, which is said to have produced sixty fold! and so great was the productiveness, that, as our informant stated, a spontaneous crop arose in the second season, yielding again twenty fold!

Of Zante we are told, that the town is the best in the Ionian islands:—

'It is much more regularly built, and appears to muct greater advantage than Corfu, occupying the curve of a bay, round which it sweeps for the extent of about two miles; almost every house is visible, having its own particular place in the panoramic view from the water. This singularly pleasing effect is produced by the uniformity of the descent upon which it stands. The many steeples and spires with which it is ornamented, built in the Venetian manner, add considerably to the beauty of the whole, and, to a stranger arrived at anchor in the night, the scene opening at once in the morning, with the busy tolling of bells and the harbour bustle, excites a sensation indescribably delightful; heightened as it is by the usual cool serenity of the hour, and the reflec-

tion, perhaps, of having completed a sea voyage, the pleasure of which those who dislike the sea can best appreciate. The heights are crowded with groves of orange and lemon trees, through which are thickly scattered the beautiful villas of the rich citizens. The bay terminates in the fine mass of Mount Scopô upon the left, and the extremity of the castle range upon the right: the castle is built upon a hill that literally overhangs the town, and above floats the British flag, over a beautiful scene of richness and repose.'

After giving an account of each island distinctly, Mr. Goodisson notices them collectively as under one government. He says the revenue of the islands is inadequate to their expenditure, though some improvement has taken place in that respect under the British, who have appropriated part of the church revenues to the public service. The great superstitions of the Greeks have led to the inroad of witchcraft, or necromancy, and he relates the following curious anecdote on the subject:—

'A friend of mine, who was inspector of the police in one of the islands, and before whom all the petty causes underwent the initiative, previously to being submitted to the higher courts of justice, had a curious cause to decide one day: the complainant was a woman of Prevesa, of about double the age of the defendant, a young man whom she accused of having squandered her money, and then abandoned her to live with another. The defendant set up, that she had practised *strigeria*, or the magical art, upon him, in which she was well known to be versed; that he was conscious of the influence she exerted over him, by his feeling himself incapable of cohabiting with any other woman from the moment he first knew her, and that, under this spell, the only resource he had was to apply to the Morea for a countercharm, which he had purchased for thirty dollars, producing the amulet, which he wore under his knee in the court. My friend, in the momentary indignation which such an instance of human ignorance and depravity naturally excited, had the filthy charm flung out at the window, as much to the astonishment as the terror of its owner and the bystanders, at his hardihood and want of faith in a matter that was so commonly believed and dreaded.'

Of Greek manners and customs, Dodwell, Hughes, and other travellers, have already furnished us enough; we shall therefore pass over them, except only marriages and funerals:—

'The Greeks marry early; there are instances of girls commencing the cares of a family at eleven years of age, many at twelve, and most begin before sixteen. A virgin arrived at the age of twenty-five, is as effectually removed from all matrimonial competition, as a maiden lady with

us at forty. The match is made up by the parents of the young people, who generally never see each other until all is concluded but the ceremony. There is a regular valuation of the bride's dresses and household furniture, called the *stima*, which enters into the computation of the dowry between the old folk. Matters being so far arranged, the man pays his intended a formal visit, and makes her a present of a ring, from which time they are betrothed. The wedding may be deferred for an indefinite period afterwards, but is, nevertheless, fixed upon from this moment: the time selected is when circumstances will allow, (of course time being the chief consideration,) immediately before or after Lent, viz. during the carnival, and more frequently at Easter. The marriage ceremony is performed with great solemnity, the priest attending, dressed in his robes, with book and candle light; and if it be more tedious to the parties themselves than it is to the spectator, it must be a tiresome one indeed. Amongst other parts of the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom are ornamented with a crown of green myrtle or laurel: this has a pretty effect; the custom is most probably derived from the ancients.'

* * * *

'The dead are buried in the body of the churches usually. They are interred always with their clothes, just as they were worn in life; previously to their being deposited in the grave, they are conveyed, dressed as above, in an open bier. This custom appears singular, and rather revolting at first, to those who are unused to it; but, upon reflection, it must be allowed, that the more we are familiarized to objects connected with our necessary state of mortality, the better reconciled are we, perhaps, to the loss of friends, and the better prepared for our own inevitable lot. As soon as the bier is raised from the ground, an earthen vessel is flung out at the window, and broken to pieces on the ground; the procession then moves off, attended by the clergy all in black, and with lighted candles, to the church, where the body remains for some hours before interment, laid out, as it were, in state.'

An Appendix,—of remarks upon diseases in the islands, an analysis of their mineral waters, and some geological experiments,—closes this interesting volume. The plates are appropriate and illustrative of the subject.

Poems. By J. W. Dalby. 8vo. pp. 176. London, 1822.

As this little volume owns for its author a kind and liberal contributor to the poetical department of *The Literary Chronicle*, which he has often enriched, we, perhaps, are not the fittest persons to decide on its merits. If, however, we state what the author ac-

knowledges in his preface, though not as an apology for the defects of his compositions, that they were written 'under all the disadvantages of privation, disease, and domestic calamity,' we shall, we are assured, awaken a feeling of sympathy for one who could seek to forget them all in gentle poesy. Of the merit of these productions we have almost said we would not speak; we cannot, however, but express our favourable opinion of many of them, nor should we fail to observe, that so amiable and kindly a disposition pervades the whole, that we should esteem the man even if we did not love the muse. We quote one of the shortest of the poems, which gives a pleasing specimen of the author's talents:—

‘MAY.

‘I sighed for thee, fair month, when winter held
All nature in his icy grasp—and threw
The bolt of desolation, and dispelled
What'er remained of gentler autumn's hue;
When trees, first stripped, and then unkindly
felled,

Exposed their ruin to man's pitying view;
When all things shrunk from his cold tyranny—
Then, fairest month, I fondly sighed for thee!

‘Yet winter's dreariness did better suit
The temper of my mind, my life's mischance,
Than the soft breathing of the summer flute,
And gentle maiden's sympathizing glance;—
Than all the season's pleasures which recruit
Our spirits with the song, the green-sward
dance—

Fair women's smiles, the bold yet gentle feat,
And then the shady, cool, and welcome seat.

‘To see what winter crushed rise smilingly,
Bounding into renewed and happy state;
To feel one's life about one, and to see
All things, or living or inanimate,
Glowing with grateful face, and heart of glee,
And joining in one song—sublimely great,—
To HIM who, from the cold and frigid tomb,
Called up their torpid charms, and bade them
bloom.—

‘Tis a delicious sight to all—but him
Whose frozen heart feels not the summer's
heat;

Whose ear, to other sounds inured, no hymn
Of grateful nature reaches;—him to greet,
In vain bright flowers put on their gayest trim—
In vain the song of birds to others sweet;
Eye, ear, and heart to selfish grief confined,
He cannot share the raptures of his kind.’

—♦—♦—♦—
Military Memoirs of the Great Civil War, being the Military Memoirs of John Gwynne; and an Account of the Earl of Glencairn's Expedition, as General of his Majesty's Force in the Highlands of Scotland, in the Years 1553 and 1654. By a Person who was an Eye and Ear-Witness to every Transaction. With an Appendix. 4to. pp. 263. Edinburgh, 1822.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, who is the avowed accoucheur of the present work, if

such a term can be applied to bringing forth what has long before appeared, says, in his introduction, that—‘the narratives are put into a printed state, not because they give any new or particular information upon the subjects of the great civil war, but because it is desirable, for many reasons, to place beyond the reach of accident every personal narrative connected with that eventful period.’ There are, however, we suspect, other reasons that have induced the northern bard to sink into the drudgery of editorship—those of making an expensive book, bolstering up the falling reputation of the Waverley novels, and keeping alive the opinion that he is (what we never doubted) really the author of them. No motives less than these could, we think, have induced Sir Walter to come forward with his expensive quarto of two narratives which are perfectly familiar to the public—almost every incident mentioned in them having been printed in one shape or another*.

To eke out the work we have above eighty pages from the ‘Mercurius Politicus;’ and the editor, Sir Walter Scott, has added a few notes, wherever there was an opportunity of mentioning one of the Waverley novels, or leading to an inference that he was connected with them. The cupidity of Sir Walter certainly carries him too far, either for his own reputation or for decency sake; and he should not, with the fortune he has made, let out his name for a few pounds per sheet, or deceive the public by stamping that for currency which is really of base metal. But, to leave the book-maker and come to the book, which, we have said, contains little that has not before appeared in some shape or other:—

Captain John Gwynne, the author of the ‘Military Memoirs,’ was of Welsh descent, a retainer in the house of Charles I., and employed in training the family of that unfortunate prince to military exercises. He engaged in the royal service during the great civil war, and, after the execution of his royal master, followed the banner of his son in the most difficult enterprises in which it was displayed. He afterwards served with the motley army of royalists under the Duke of York, and was with him at the fight before Dunkirk and other actions in Flanders.

* As a proof of this, we may mention that the most striking incident in Glencairn's expedition has appeared in the ‘Percy Anecdotes of Honour;’ and other parts of both narratives have, from time to time, appeared in the Scots periodicals.—REV.

There is a good deal of quaintness in Gwynne's narrative, with all the gallantry of the true cavalier, as will be seen from the following extracts. The first relates to the taking of Devizes:—

‘Chapter VI.—How Devizes was taken, the rather by the absence of those who were obliged to come unto it, and did not.

‘I was in the garrison of the Devizes, where Fairfax and Cromwell were at a stand whether they had best meddle with us, until they came to understand that the horse in quarters there about were not come unto it, which upon all occasion were obliged. There they laid close siege to us. One or two souldiers had run over the works to the enemy, and informed them how all things stood with us, or they had not besieged us. The enemy, with incessant peales of muskets, great guns, and mortar pieces, played upon us, that it past us all day and night at our line, without the least reserve, that we could do no more when we might have done better with our expected numbers, we resigned. I having the guard by the river side, and standing by Sir Jacob Ashley, a bearded arrow struck unto the ground between his legs. He plunkit it out with both hands, and said—“You rogues, you mist your aim.”’*

The next is an affair of personal gallantry:—

‘Chap. XVIII. Of a salley I made upon a guard of fifty of the enemy, kill'd, wounded, and tooke prisoners all but one or two, in less than three minutes' time.

‘Upon a discourse with Sir William Courtney, (then governor of Farrington) who told me he was really persuaded that I had an antipathy against a runaway cavalier, and that there were fifty or sixty of them kept a guard in the Town Pest-house, and asked of me if I would take a party and go and correct them, for deserting the King's service to turn rebels, I embraced it, and presently went upon the battery to see what way best I might go to work; and, by my observations, I could not apprehend any way possible of doing any good against them, for the Pest-house was some three hundred paces distant from any part of our works. It had but one door, which was three-quarters made up with sods full of musket loopholes; they had works and guards on that side of the town, within a coy's cast of our's, that we could not stir but they must know of it; and then they had a party of horse, day and night, attending at the maine-guard upon all occasions. These objections I would not make, though very excusably I might, to Sir William Courtney or to any of them, for their advice; but went on my way, being it was put

* ‘This is perhaps the last mention of the use of the bow and arrow in England in actual battle. In Montrose's wars many of the remote Highlanders continued to act as archers; but, in England, the once formidable long-bow had, in the middle of the seventeenth century, fallen into almost total disuetude.’

upon me; and, as I concluded with myself that there was but one way for it, that I took, hitt or miss. And it happened to be as I conjectured; for, by a flash of fire, which came so low from the house, and the help of a prospective glass, I made a discovery that the musket loop-holes were but breast high without, and therefore, of consequence, must be so within. Then I went to the governor, and told him that I was now ready for his commands, and that I would have every musketeer to load his musket with three carabine balls made into cut ages; and likewise told the soldiers to file, and run after me as fast as they could, and round the house, and, stooping under the musket loop-holes, which we presently commanded from the enemy, and poured in shot so fast that they immediately cry'd out for quarters, which they had; and, in that short time of action, their horse came to their relief, and in a manner charg'd our horse, which were my reserve, who shrunk a little: that I had been lost, being so far in the rear of the party that was going away with the prisoners, but for twelve or fourteen brave men of my special friends, who were resolved to bring me off or fall themselves.'

Captain Gwynne was with Montrose in his last unhappy attempt, and, when it failed, escaped to Flanders, where he joined Middleton's expedition. In his first letter he gives an account of his reception, and shows his unshaken loyalty:—

'In Holland I have always made my condition with the officers, not to stay (nor did not,) when there was any thing stirring of action for my king; and at my return from Montros his engagement, and unhappy defeat, the next occasion which offred itself was General Middleton's engagement likewise into Scotland, with whom I went, notwithstanding my great weakness after a severe fitt of sickness, and the extreimity I had run through twice in that countrey before: yet all signified no more with me (in comparison) then it is with a woman in labour; for I as soon forgot it, from the great devotion I ever had to persist in my loyal duty: and when we came to the Fly, and staid there three or four days, seven or eight of us being in quarters at a Scott's house, where the man, wife, and daughter, were possest (against all gainesayings) that the King was in disguise amongst us; and, for the conceit sake that such a thing might be, and to humour their fancy in it, we put Mr. Ball, a proper handsome person, who they tooke for the King, to sitt in a great chayr in the parlor, over against the door, which we had lockt, and tooke out the key designingly, that they might relieve one another in peeping into the key-hole, as they did, and saw how we attended him with all the ceremonies imaginable; and when he thought fitt, gave us a sign with hand to be cover'd; then we put on our hatts, to null all distinction, and become familiar comrads as before:

A while after the door was open, the mother and daughter, with the goodman, laging in the rere, came, supplicating few of us standing at the street-door, that he and they might have the honour to kiss the king's hand, since he despis'd not the meanes of his entertainment in so poor a subject's house as he was pleased to come into. We told them it was strange how they came to know it; but, since it was so, if they would be conjur'd to silence, and not speak on't, they should; whereupon they replied, that they would rather dye than divulge it: and presently they went to uncase, and put on their best cloaths, which (in a manner) was as soon don as at three motions, for hast to kiss the king's hand. The goodman led into the roome, in a trembling awe, the mother and daughter fil'd after, melting in tears, and on both knees kist his hand, and wheel'd away with abundance of satisfaction. A short while after, as we were going to dinner, there were several sorts of wine privately convey'd into roome for us; and when we had eat plentifully, and drunke in abundance. Mr. Ball grew heavy and drowsy that he went to lye down: the goodwife observing him, presently commands her daughter to go waite upon him, and know if he wanted for any thing; and upon her stay something extraordinary, the mother tells us, 'Truly, gentlemen, if my daughter proves with bern, the child shall not want for the cost.' But at parture, they were highly troubled that he would not accept of those rings and jewells, which they purchast at so dear a rate, to present him, as a token that he would be pleas'd to remember them when he came to his kingdom.'

In mentioning Capt. Gwynne's loyalty, we must not forget that he has perpetuated it in verse, as well as by deeds of arms. He says:—

'I omitted to insert in any other of my manuscripts, that in prison it was offered unto me, if I would be banisht, and swear never to serve the King, perhaps I should have my enlargement; but at my dislike of it, upon those terms, I was told in short, what I was to expect: then, in case my designs, which before I had time to force my liberty should fall me, and to satisfie my friends why I had rather dye than live and swear never to serve the King, nor any of that royal race; I exprest it as well as I could, in few lines I made in verse upon my inseparable devotion to loyalty I call'd mistress; with my invective in a short character of Cromwell, and his never-to-be-forgotten Long Parliament, who had hang'd me for my loyalty but for my honest keeper.

'Upon my inseparable devotion to Loyalty I call'd Mistress.

'I am so fond a lover grown,
That for my mistres caus could dye;
Nor would enjoy my love aloan,
But wish her millions more than I.

'I am devoted to her hand;
A willing sacrifice could be,

If shee be pleas'd but to command,
To dye is easy unto me.'

The manuscript from which the account of Glencairn's expedition is printed, was compiled by John Graham of Duchree, a distinguished gentleman who was engaged in that affair. The original MS. is now in the possession of Sir Alexander Don of Newton. We do not think it necessary to make any extracts from this narrative, nor from the appendix of notes from the Mercurius Politicus, both being often told tales. The whole book might have passed very well as a five shilling volume, but when we are called on to pay more than six times that amount for it, we cannot but think with Dr. Franklin that one may pay 'too dear for a whistle.'

Some Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England.
Collected by Davies Gilbert, F. R. S.
F. A. S., &c. 8vo. pp. 35. London, 1822.

MUCH has been written on the festivities and customs of Christmas, and we know nothing better worth writing about than this festival, when the dreariness of winter is dispelled by the cheerfulness of friendship and hospitality; those customs are, however, rapidly sinking into disuetude in many parts of the country. In town we know nothing of Christmas but by its roast turkey, mince pies, and plumb puddings, except an occasional rubber of whist or game at loo at a friend's house; but, in some parts of the country, Christmas is really a festival for which there are weeks of preparation: and, although the wassail-bowl, perhaps, no longer crowns the festive board, yet in one or two counties in England the Christmas Carol is still heard.

The carols which Mr. Gilbert has collected, he informs us, were chanted to the tunes accompanying them in churches on Christmas Day, and in private houses on Christmas Eve, throughout the west of England, up to the latter part of the late century. In this part of the country, it seems, from Mr. Gilbert's preface, that the good old customs of Christmas are not entirely forgotten:—

'Christmas Day, like every other great festival, has prefixed to it, in the Calendar, a vigil or fast; and in Catholic countries mass is still celebrated at midnight after Christmas Eve, when austerities cease, and rejoicings of all kinds succeed. Shadows of these customs were, till very lately, preserved in the Protestant West of En

land. The day of Christmas Eve was passed in an ordinary manner; but at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cyder or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas Day these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining: and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners.

'None of the sports or gambols, so frequently practised on subsequent days, ever mixed themselves with the religious observances of Christmas Eve. Two of the sports most used in Cornwall were,—the one, a metrical play, exhibiting the successful prowess of St. George exerted against a Mahometan adversary; the other, a less dignified representation of some transactions at a market or fair.

'In the first, Saint George enters, accoutred with complete armour, and exclaims,

"Here come I, Saint George,
That valiant champion bold,
And with my sword and spear,
I've won three crowns of gold.

"I slew the Dragon, *he*
And brought him to the slaughter,
By which I gained fair Sabra,
The King of Egypt's daughter."

'The Pagan enters:—

"Here come I, the Turkish knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight,
* * * * * bold,
And if your blood is hot,
I soon will make it cold."

'They fight, the Turkish knight falls, and, rising on one knee,—

"Oh! pardon me, Saint George,
Oh! pardon me, I crave,
Oh! give me but my life,
And I will be thy slave."

'Saint George, however, again strikes him down; but, immediately relenting, calls out—

"Is there no doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound?"

'A doctor enters, declaring that he has a small phial filled with the juice of some particular plant, capable of recalling any one to life; he tries, however, and fails: when Saint George kills him, enraged by his want of success. Soon after this the Turkish knight appears perfectly well; and having been fully convinced of his errors by the strength of Saint George's arm, he becomes a Christian, and the scene closes.

'The Fair or Market usually followed, as a farce. Several persons arranged on benches were sometimes supposed to sell corn; and one applying to each seller in his turn inquired the price, using a set form of words, to be answered in a corresponding manner. If any error were committed, a grave personage was introduced with much ceremony, grotesquely

attired, and provided with a large stick; who, after stipulating for some ludicrous reward, such as a gallon of moon-light, proceeded to shoe the untamed colt, by striking the person in error on the sole of the foot.'

Of these Carols, which are eight in number, there is little room for criticism. They are, as the editor observes, 'specimens of times now passed away, and of religious feelings superseded by others of a different cast;' as such they are both curious and interesting, particularly as the tunes in which they were sung are preserved with them. If gentlemen in other parts of the country were thus to collect the scattered fragments of customs and traditionary songs and carols which almost every county possesses, some very interesting collections might be formed, which would throw additional light on the manners and amusements of our ancestors.

Description of the Ruins of an Ancient City near Palenque, in the Kingdom of Guatemala in Spanish America, &c.

(Concluded from p. 689.)

WE now come to the critical investigation and research into the history of the Americans, by Dr. Paul Felix Cabrera, in which he proposes a solution of the grand historical problem of the population of America, which he labours very hard to prove, came from the east. He quotes a variety of collateral evidence, which, however, is by no means conclusive. The great authority of Cabrera, is a work written by the Bishop of Chiapa, and printed at Rome in 1702. This prelate, among other historical works that fell into his hands, mentions one written by Votan, in the Indian idiom, wherein he specifies, by name, the people with whom and the places where he had been. He says, also, that Votan saw the Tower of Babel built by order of his grandfather Noah, and that he was the first man whom God sent to divide and portion out these Indian lands, and that, at the place where he saw the great house, (the tower of Babel) a different language was given to each nation. Our author says, that the Bishop of Chiapa could have communicated a much greater portion of information to Votan and to many other of the primitive inhabitants, whose historical works he assures us were in his possession, but that he felt some scruples on account of the mischievous use the Indians made of their histories in the superstition of the nagualism. Among the monuments and documents

alluded to by Capt. Rio, as discovered at Palenque, there is a figure which represents Votan on both continents, and an historical event, the memory of which he was desirous of transmitting to future ages:—

'The first figure displays Votan adorned with many hieroglyphics: the meaning of some of them I will explain, unless my humble abilities mislead me. The hero has a symbolical figure twined round his right arm; this is significative of his voyages to the old continent. The square, with a bird painted in the centre, indicates Valum Votan; whence he commenced his travels; and it is an island, because, among antiquarians, it is unanimously agreed that a bird is the symbol of navigation; for only by the means of navigation could his voyages be undertaken. The remainder of the figure shews the course taken to reach Valum Chivim.

'The figure, with the bird in the middle, resembles the one I stated as descriptive of his maritime route to the other old continent; but the bird being figured in an opposite direction, denotes his return to Valum Votan. He holds in his left hand a sceptre, from the top of which issues the symbol of the wind, such as Clavigero in his second vol. states it to have been represented by the Americans. Dependant from the right hand is a double band, but, to avoid repetition, I shall reserve the meaning of this until I explain the second figure, as well as that of the deity at his feet, in the act of supplicating to be taken to America, in order to be there known and adored.

'The second figure shews Votan returned to America; the deity, before seen kneeling at his feet, is here placed on a seat covered with hieroglyphics; Votan, with his right hand, is presenting him a sceptre armed with a knife of the *ytzli* stone, known here under the name of chay: it is a species of black quartz, but is sometimes found of other colours; it is vitreous, semi-diaphanous, and infusible; the natives armed their lances and arrows with this instead of iron, which was unknown to them; they frequently formed swords of the same by placing it in a piece of wood split lengthways, and also used it to make the knives employed in their sanguinary sacrifices: by this act Votan shews the deity to be a principal one to whom sacrifices were offered. Votan has in his turban the emblem of the air, and a bird with its beak in an opposite direction to its face, to signify his sailing from that side of the world to this. From his left hand hang the two bands spoken of in the first figure, but they are here more distinct than in that: the lower band shews the line of his descent on the old continent, and the upper one exhibits his American progenitors. The three human hearts shew, that he who holds the band, is Votan, and the third of his race, as he represents himself to be in his historical account. To comprehend this more

clearly, Votan in Nunez of antiquity. "This V Indians upon him

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clearly, it must be observed, that the word Votan in Tzeudal language, means *heart*; Nunez de la Vega, speaking of this hero of antiquity in no. 84, section 30, says: "This Votan is much venerated by all the Indians, and in one province they look upon him as the heart of the people."

'By comparing Votan's narrative on the subject of his voyages to, and returns from, the old continent, and of his being the third of his race; with the duplicate effigies of him, which Captain Del Rio found sculptured on stones, in one of the temples at the unknown city, that we will, for the present, designate as the Palencian; we shall have a very conclusive proof of its truth, and this one will be corroborated by so many others, that we shall be forced to acknowledge this history of the origin of the Americans, excels those of the Greeks, the Romans, and the most celebrated nations of the world, and is even worthy of being compared with that of the Hebrews themselves.'

This hypothesis causes one difficulty, the passage of animals to America, particularly of the ferocious kinds at enmity with man, but our friend Dr. Cabrera gets over this very easily, and says it is nearly surmounted by the discovery and examination of Anian or Behring's Straits, which are of no greater breadth than thirteen leagues from shore to shore, and where, by means of the ice, the two continents of Asia and America are connected, and hence he adds, 'this would afford a practical route not only for animals but men, from whom it is impossible to suppose that those who inhabit the most northernly counties from the straits as far as Hudson's and Baffin's Bays, and from the frozen sea to California, New Mexico, and Canada to the southward are descended.'

Dr. Cabrera is rather ingenious but somewhat too credulous, there is, however, as much ground for his hypothesis, as for many others on the same subject.

The Hermit of Mona, a Poem; Saled, a Tale of the eleventh Century; with several smaller Pieces. By Thomas Jones, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 12mo. pp. 110. London, 1822.

THE principal poems in this little volume are so equally balanced in merits and defects, that it would be difficult to decide whether they deserve censure or praise. They certainly display more than scintillations of poetic genius, but they are sadly disfigured by incongruities of language and a slovenliness of style, which is inexcusable. Some of the minor poems, however, are very pretty, and we select two of the best:—

'TO MARY ANN.

'EVENING.

'Mark how yon landscape slowly fades:
The parting blush scarce skirts the hill;
The crimson æther sinks in shades,
Now's lost to view the village mill.

'Say ye, who rous'd the slumb'ring dawn,
While night yet mantled half the pole,
Do louder clamours than your horn
In sparkling bumpers crown your bowl?

'Far, far from us, this waste of being,
While Hesper trims his flick'ring star,
And nature's voice and smile, agreeing,
Proclaim this hour love's harbinger.

'Where, twitt'ring on the mossy stem,
The bird of eve arrests yon wave;
And buds on eglantines the gem,
As tears that deck the lover's grave.

'Secluded in this pensile wood,
When Love enwreaths his choicest flow'r,
With him we'll bless this solitude,
And consecrate to bliss the hour.'

'THE SNOW-DROP.

'Oh thou that weep'st with bosom white,
Whose silver eye on grief reclines,
Whose pensive form eludes the sight,
Where pearly wreaths the green box twines;

'For thee no golden sun-beam waves,
Nor rainbow paints the sullen sky;
Neglected as forgotten graves,
O'er thee stern blasts remorseless fly.

'In tempests bred, 'midst circling snows,
Desponding heaves thy budding form,
In lucid tears dejected glows,
By winds assail'd, convuls'd by storm.

'But not unheeded is thy woe;—
My STELLA mark'd thy pangs confest,
Pluck'd from the icy breast of snow,
To plant thee on her fairer breast.'

ANECDOTES OF CONVIVIALITY.

THE Thirty-Sixth Part of that elegant work, the 'Percy Anecdotes,' is devoted to 'Conviviality.' It is embellished with an admirable likeness of Anacreon Moore, to whom it is dedicated. The following are a few of the numerous anecdotes which it contains:

The Stirrup Cup.—The cordial stirrup-cup of the Scotch and Irish, has its origin in the parting cup, the *poculum boni genii* of the ancients. When the Roman supper was ended, as it began, with libations to the gods, prayers were offered for the safety and prosperity of the host, whose health was drank at the same time, during the reign of the Cæsars, as that of the emperor; and a last cup was quaffed to one general 'good night.' This custom, which was continued for ages, was long religiously adhered to by our hospitable ancestors, until it was exploded by the cold refinement of modern manners.

A Peg Higher.—The Danes first brought into England excessive drinking; and King Edward permitting many of them to dwell here, was at length constrained to ordain, as a check to this excess, that certain nails should be driven into the sides of their cups, as limits or bounds, which no man, under a great penalty, should be so hardy as to transgress. And

hence the phrase, which still subsists in England, of a man in his cups being a *peg higher or lower*.

Ben Jonson.—Ben Jonson was always convivial, but sometimes rather too egotistical. An instance of this failing in our great comic writer, is related by Mr. Howell, who, in a letter to a friend, says,—'I was yesterday invited to a solemn supper by Ben Jonson, where there were good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that Ben began to engross all the discourse; to vapour extremely of himself; and, by vilifying others, to magnify his own muse. T. Ca. buzzed me in the ear, that 'though Ben had barrelled us a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, amongst other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners.'

It would seem that Mr. Howell had met with 'rare Ben' at an unlucky moment; for he was generally considered a man of the most social habits, who accommodated himself to the company he met with; an instance of this occurred, when drinking with a few friends at a tavern he was in the habit of frequenting, and where he had run up a score. The landlord applied to him for the money; but knowing the talents of his guest, said he would forego the debt, if Ben would tell him what would please God, please the Devil, the company present, and himself. Ben did not hesitate, but thus addressed his landlord:

'God is pleas'd when we depart from sin,
The Devil's pleas'd, when we persist therein;
Your company's pleas'd, when you draw good wine,
And thou'd be pleas'd, if I would pay thee thine.'

The landlord acknowledged the merit of the impromptu, cancelled the debt, and sent in an additional bowl, to keep up that hilarity which Ben had thus happily provoked.

A Choice Pair.—The late Duke of N—, who was what is called a six-bottle man, was very fond of the society of a person much his inferior in rank; and their intimacy has been very rationally accounted for, on the principle of mutual assistance. The duke, when inebriated, lost his voice, but retained the use of his limbs; his friend, on the contrary, retained his power of speech, but could not stand. So the duke, who could not speak, rang the bell; and his friend, who could not move, ordered more wine.

James Cobb.—Mr. James Cobb, the author of the excellent farce of 'No Song no Supper,' was once strolling out with a friend a few miles from town, when a sudden storm of thunder and rain compelled them to take shelter in a little public-house. They called for some port wine, which was brought; when Cobb's companion complained that it was very bad. 'Ah! do not grumble,' said Mr. Cobb;

'you know any port in a storm is acceptable.'

Charles Bannister.—Bannister dining at the Turk's Head Tavern, was much annoyed by a gentleman in the adjoining box, who had just ordered fish for dinner, and was calling on the waiter for every species of fish sauce known to the most refined epicure. 'Waiter,' said he, 'bring me anchovy sauce, and soy; and have you got Harvey's? and be sure you bring me Burgess's; and, waiter, do you hear, don't omit the sauce *epicurienne*.' How many more he would have enumerated, it is difficult to say, had not Bannister stepped up to him, and, bowing very politely, said, 'Sir, I beg your pardon for thus interrupting you; but I see you are advertised for in the newspaper of this morning.' 'Me, sir, advertised for!' exclaimed the gentleman, half petrified with surprise, 'pray, sir, what do you mean?' Bannister, taking the paper, said, 'Pray allow me to show you this advertisement, which is addressed to "The Curious in Fish Sauces."' The gentleman felt the rebuke, sat down, and eat his dinner without one half of the sauces he had deemed indispensable.

Geddes and Porson.—It was for a long time a current story among the English Catholics, that Matthew Parker, the father of the English Protestant Hierarchy, was consecrated archbishop, by Story, Barlowe, Coverdale, and Hodgskins, then deprived bishops, over a bowl of punch, at the Nag's Head Tavern, in Cheapside; and hence they were led to regard it as a consecration not only void of authority, but in a singular degree contemptuous and indecent. 'They sought their register,' said they, quoting Nehemiah, 'but it was not found; therefore, were they, as polluted, put from the priesthood.' This tale of scandal one day became the subject of conversation at a numerous party at the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, where two equally amiable and eccentric geniuses, the late Dr. Geddes and Professor Porson, were present; the Doctor began in a tone rather of irony than seriousness, to detail all the objections which a good Catholic and Christian might be supposed to have to such a mode of ordination. First, it was not in the spirit of *sobriety*. Secondly, it was not canonical (albeit over a flowing *can*.) Thirdly, the consecrators had not the *power of the keys*. 'Tut, tut,' interrupted Porson, 'what mattered the *power of the keys* to men who were free of the cellar?'

The Man in the Moon.—A gentleman coming to the Half Moon Tavern, Aldersgate Street, called for a room; and then bade the waiter fill him a pint of canary, and ask his master to come and drink with him. 'Canary?' said he. 'Yes,' quoth the gentleman, 'canary.' 'But, sir,' said the waiter, 'The Man in the Moon drinks claret.'

Original Communications.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.
SIR,—An accident, not worth reciting here, put the following MS. into my hands; it either is or pretends to be the work of a Cockney: be that as it may, if it be worth a place in your publication, it is much at your service.

I am your's, &c. J. M. LACEY.

ASMODEUS IN THE COUNTRY.

Tired and disgusted with the eternal din and turmoil of the metropolis, where I was born and resided all my life, I (one fine morning in the month of September last) clambered to the top of a stage-coach, which was going sixty miles into the country. I had read much of the beauties of rural scenery, and more of the charming simplicity and happiness of the rustic state, and was now determined to have my fill of them. I pleased myself, as we bowled along at the rate of ten miles an hour, with a variety of delightful anticipations: now, thought I, human nature in its purest, noblest, *happiest* state, will gladden my eyes; none of the dirt and filth of London will be found, none of its manifold distresses will be met with to disgust me, none of its scenes of bitter want will be found to harrow up the soul. Cockney as I am, how miserably did I deceive myself.

Having reached my destination, and slept one night at a paltry inn, where I found they could charge as expensively for bad accommodation as I should have been charged at the London Coffee House for good, I jumped out of bed before six on the following morning; the sun was beaming beautifully in at my latticed window, and I determined to have a long stroll before breakfast. I was soon in the fields; harvest was ended, and, as I had understood, well ended; the ricks of corn stood abroad in the fields; the barns, also, I presumed, were full, and the people consequently *happy*.

In the midst of my delight, and with a sort of envy at the supposed happiness of the country folks, I was beginning a fine ejaculatory soliloquy, when I was suddenly interrupted from a hedge behind me, by a squeaking voice, which begged of me, in words that I do not exactly remember, to pause before I decided.

'And who the devil are you?' I pettishly cried; 'the devil upon two sticks,' answered the voice; and the same little limping gentleman, who is so well

known to every body as not to need description here, instantly stood before me. 'Young man,' said he, 'you are come here to look for *happiness in the country*; but you will find it not; come with me, and I will convince you.' Before I could have said Jack Robinson, if I had been inclined so to say, I was whisked along with inconceivable rapidity by my *devilish* companion; and, as I did not wish to offend his *infernalship*, I thought it best to be quiet. We presently alighted in the garden of a small mud-built cottage, the fence of which was greatly broken, and which was also in a wretched state of cultivation, potatoes being the only vegetable production there—except nettles and thistles: the cottage itself was so much out of the perpendicular, that it appeared to be falling; and the numerous and wide chasms in its crazy walls left but little necessity for my guide's supernatural powers to shew what was going forward within. 'Here,' said he, 'is the first sample I will show you of rustic felicity; here lives a man, his wife, and seven children; he has had a little harvest-work, and his wife and children have gleaned a little corn; and they are now in the most prosperous situation they can possibly expect in the whole year; see, they are at breakfast, and have only coarse brown bread to eat, cut thickly, and spread over with a very thin coat of sorry dripping, worse than is sold by many a pampered menial to the tallow-chandler; the poor fellow looks haggard and dejected, and well he may, for a long autumn and winter stare him in the face, with scarcely the prospect of any work to do. The family's dinner will be potatoes from this garden, mashed with water and a few grains of salt: tea is altogether too great a luxury for them to obtain, and they silently go without it. The whole family is in rags, yet they do not seem to murmur; and, though this is the picture of only one family, it fairly represents the state of thousands. The parish, you will say, must relieve them, and so it does as well as it can; but where nearly all are poor, scanty must be their relief. In the depth of winter, when snows descend and rains beat and winds howl, and when you are snugly seated by your parlour fire of blazing sea-coal, think of this poor family, and wonder not if they should be driven to break a commandment, and steal from the trees and hedges a few sticks to warm their frozen limbs. Such theft is wrong; it is punishable—

and often *severely* punished—by the laws; but when it is done from the overwhelming pressure of want like this, shall not the eye of pity look down upon them with compassion? 'Hold, hold,' I cried, 'this is too much; I did not expect this; come, let us go to that neat white house on the hill; there, at least, we shall find comfort and happiness; it looks like a substantial farmer's residence; come, let us have a peep there.' 'With all my heart,' was the reply; and it was scarcely uttered before we were there.

The house, I found, had looked better at a distance than when close to it, for here, again, neglect was to be traced; the windows were dirty, the house wanted painting, the fences of the garden and farm-yard were out of repair, the garden itself was in a wild and weedy state, and I did not see one labourer about the premises. My companion now called my attention to the interior of the house. 'See,' said he, 'in that room the family are gathered together; it is (or rather *was*) the drawing-room. Many a gay party has been collected there, in what were called the farmer's *good times*; when corn was dear, thrice as dear as it is now;—those times have been the farmers' ruin. This very man, who now sits brooding and biting his nails in that corner, might have saved a large fortune in those *good times*; but he made his daughters *fine* ladies, and his sons *fine* gentlemen, and his house a *fine* house, and his gardens and pleasure-grounds *fine*; and then he had *fine* horses and *fine* carriages and *fine* dinners and *fine* wines, and every thing *fine*—indeed, all *too fine* to last. Pity it is that men will not be content with being truly respectable, but they must ignorantly ape and imitate the finery they see around them, till, as in the present case, its too frequent attendant, *misery*, comes after it. This man, as I told you, might have saved a fortune; but he spent his money as fast as he got it, till, at last, he spent it faster; and then he went to a neighbouring country banker, who enabled him for some years to go on gaily, merely by writing his name to certain strips of paper called *promissory notes* and *bills of exchange*; this hoax enabled him to keep corn by him till it was spoiled, rather than sell it reasonably; this has enabled him to go on paying an enormous rent, which the aforesaid *good times* brought upon him; this has enabled him to hunt and shoot and ride about the country; but this

has, at last, burst like a tempest-cloud over his head, and overwhelmed him. The country banker has failed, and this man owes the estate several thousand pounds; the assignees have just sent bailiffs into his house under a judgment, and the landlord has sent others in for his rent. Total and irremediable ruin is now his bitter portion. He and his family, which surrounds him, have still their fine clothes upon their backs, but their hearts are aching fearfully: there stands the grand upright piano-forte, but it will soon go into other hands; in the stables and outhouses are yet remaining the high-spirited hunters and dashing gigs; but they will soon be for others to enjoy.—Call you *this* happiness in the country, Londoner?'—'Alas! no,' said I, with a groan. 'And yet,' rejoined he, 'this is but too common a picture.'

I wanted to be gone back to my inn, but my sentimental little devil would not allow it; he had not done with me yet. 'Come,' said he, 'yonder is the parsonage house; let us just take a peep there; devil as I am, I have no quarrel with a good priest.' The house was nicely embowered amongst some beautiful trees, the growth of ages; it was a large one, apparently one third larger than the church itself, which stood near it; and the gardens and grounds were more than twice the size of the church-yard,—so much more room do men require when living than when dead. Surely, thought I, the reverend occupant of this place must be happy; but, after what I had seen, I did not like to say any thing. 'Look,' said Asmodeus, 'there he is, tumbling and tossing in bed: he is a late riser, and is now wofully ruminating upon a notice he recently received from the farmers, his parishioners, to take his tythes in kind, instead of receiving, as heretofore, a good round sum in lieu of them. The *good times* have nearly ruined him as well as the farmer we have just seen, and he must either alter the style of his living very much, or he will presently be worse off than the poor fellow, his curate, whom he hires at thirty pounds a-year. He is far from happy, as you see, but he has not felt the worst yet; he has not tried what five or six hundred a-year will do for a man who has been in the habit of spending two thousand; *when he has*, I fear his reverence will be no happier than his neighbours.' I could not deny an atom of what was said by my friend, *le diable boiteux*, and he whisked me at once to some squire's mansion.

Here, at least externally, nothing was to be seen that could indicate want or wretchedness, and I began to think of what I had read, when a boy, about country squires, and to hope that here, at all events, I should find happiness; but I was more deeply disappointed than ever. The *good times* had spread their devastating influence here as well as elsewhere. I was surprised to see the windows all closed, and expressed a wonder that none of the servants should be yet up. 'You are in error,' said my companion; 'demon as I am, I shudder while I tell you that the master of this mansion lies dead in it! He committed suicide last night! It is a frightful contemplation, but it is too true. Like all the rest, when the *good times* came, and his rents were quadrupled, he added to his establishment, servants, carriages, horses, hounds,—every thing, indeed, that luxury and splendour could suggest. He even went beyond his means at the moment of their being greatest; how, then, could he bear a reverse when it came? He did not try to bear it; he has violently rushed out of life, to avoid the pointed finger of Scorn; he has dared to leave a wife and offspring to meet the bitter taunts of an unthinking world, rather than boldly stand in the gap and meet the coming evil with economy and firmness. Look at the poor distracted mother and her daughters—look, I say.' I did look, and beheld a scene which beggars all description, and which, in the glance of a moment, so overcame me, that I fell insensible to the ground,—and, upon recovering, found that I was placed by the very hedge where I first met my companion, Asmodeus; but he was no where to be seen. I was completely sickened with my search after *happiness in the country*, and, though there doubtless may and must be many there who are comparatively happy, yet I determined not to stay and look for them; but hastened back to my inn, swallowed a hasty breakfast, and was off by a coach which passed immediately after for London.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.*

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I am not a little astonished at finding, from the number of *The Lite-*

* We do not deem it necessary to make any comment on the letter of our ingenious correspondent, but shall leave him with the full benefit of his arguments and the proofs by which he supports them. We are well acquainted with Pontoppidan, who is even a better authority for the sea-serpent than for the mermaid.—ED.

rery Chronicle before me, that you are so sceptical on the subject of that wonder of all wonders,—the mermaid. You certainly must be an *odd fish* yourself; but I have no doubt of being able to place the existence of this creature beyond the reach of scepticism.

To begin with your chief argument as to the improbability of such a creation; here you have been anticipated by a most learned author, Pontoppidan, most unjustly surnamed the Fabulous; who, in his *Natural History of Norway*, says, the most noble of all creatures, man, is entitled to such a noble and heavenly form, which other creatures must not partake of; according to the words of the poet:

*‘Pronaque cumspectent animalia cœtera terram
Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit.’*

Now, Mr. Editor, I will prove by your own work, that a likeness to man is to be found in the form of the baboon and other animals of Africa: vide review of Mr. Booth's Dictionary, lately published, p. 640: and we have verified accounts of sea-hogs and sea-dogs, then why not of *sea-maids*?

Having thus, as I and every reasonable man must consider, completely overthrown the only prop of your doubts, I shall proceed to lay before you such accounts of the subject of my present speculation, as must remove every particle of scepticism.

It is related that a merman was taken by some fishermen, near Bergen, which, on being carried before the king, sang a song! But, astonishing as is this account of the vocal powers of these inhabitants of the 'vast deep,' it is nothing when compared with the following, given by Resenius, in his 'Life of Frederick II.' A mermaid, who called herself Isbrandt, held several conversations with a peasant at Samsæ, in which she foretold the birth of Christian IV., and made the peasant preach repentance to the courtiers, who were very much given to drunkenness. She was a Presbyterian, I make no doubt: but even this falls very short of the evidence afforded by A. Bussæus. Two reverend and potent senators, on their return from Norway, caught a merman, but the reverend gentlemen were quickly obliged to let him into his element again; for, mirabile dictu, whilst he lay upon deck, he spoke Danish to them, and threatened if they did not give him his liberty, that the ship should be cast away, and every soul on board perish!! Now here we

have a club of intelligent beings,—a prophet, an orator, (perhaps one of the ministers of Neptune) and a very Stephens! Would the most confirmed sceptic require stronger proof of the existence of this most rational part of the creation?

There are other anecdotes of this sapient race which I could relate to you equally good and confirming; but surely the above will be found sufficient to convince you, that you and several of your contemporaries have taken the wrong side of the question.

I will not make any comment on that part of your article, which purports to expose the exhibition of the *lady* who has caused so great a sensation to John Bull, for I consider the observations put forth by Dr. Rees Price as conclusive on this head. I am, Sir,

Your Correspondent,
Sunday evening. N. J.

OXALIC ACID.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—In your own and in other journals, a variety of discussions appear, from time to time, on the subject of Oxalic Acid! the misfortune, however, is, that the strong interest excited by any new instance of its virulence as a poison, has never led to any useful result, or to any security for the future.

It is, however, certain that the most absolute security *might* be obtained in several ways; the best of all would be the entire exclusion of this pernicious article from shops, or if this small source of gain to individuals is to be balanced against the public peril, there is one obvious mode by which all the risk arising from its resemblance to Epsom salts will be obviated. Let the Oxalic Acid be kept *in solution only*—the petty purposes for which it is employed *require* it to be in this state; let it, therefore, be sold like vitriolic, muriatic, or other acids, insusceptible of a solid form. If this plan were once adopted *universally*, any further examples of mischief would at least be exempted from the peculiar reproach that exists at present.

I am far from thinking that Oxalic Acid is sold negligently in general; indeed, I have sufficient grounds for holding a very different opinion. In the visitation of apothecaries' shops, made by the Censors of the College of Physicians, it was thought advisable, last year to investigate this subject. I have no recollection that we met with a single instance in which a blameable negligence could be imputed to any in-

dividual,—one mode of precaution was *nearly* universal, the sale of the acid with the word **POISON** printed (in a few instances it was only *written*) on the paper; in other instances, where salts and the acid in question were only weighed out and sold when demanded, we found the one article kept in a jar, and the other in a drawer or bottle—in some mode, in short, perfectly distinct. These precautions, however, have long obtained and have been found *insufficient*. The quantity of Oxalic Acid consumed is *immense*. I saw a *heap* of not less than ten pounds, lying loose like a parcel of rice, in a very considerable shop not a fortnight ago. They said they were preparing to weigh it out. Something, therefore, should be immediately done. It does appear to me that the plan I have suggested, and to which I now endeavour to give publicity, would perfectly succeed.

In conclusion, I have taken an opportunity of inquiring at Paris, at Geneva, and at other great cities on the continent, and have never heard of a *single instance* of mischief from Oxalic Acid.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES BADHAM, M. D. F.R.S.
Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.
Kensington Square, Nov. 5, 1822.

It would be some additional security in the present state of things, if Oxalic Acid, (provided it *must* be sold in a solid form) were never dispensed in a less quantity than three ounces—salts being universally made into doses of one ounce only.

SUBTERRANEAN VAULTS AT MAESTRICHT.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

Petersberg, or the Hill of St Peter, is situated between the Jaar and the Meuse, and extends along the distance of nearly a league. The earth which is contained in the cavities in the interior of the hill, furnishes materials for building, but principally for manure; and for this double purpose it has been excavated from the most remote ages of antiquity. In the symmetrical galleries of Petersberg the Roman pick-axe has imprinted a kind of monumental character, and the feudal spade has left its gothic traces. Workmen have, from time immemorial, been employed in extracting the bowels of the earth to fertilize its surface. For ages the pick-axe and wheel-barrow have worked passages in every direction, and the traveller in this subterranean labyrinth is happy, if,

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with the aid of his torches, he can return the way he entered. Streets, squares, and cross-roads appear on every side; in short, the vaults of Petersberg present the appearance of a town, in which there are only wanting houses, inhabitants, theatres, carriages, and gas lamps. M. Bory de Saint-Vincent draws the following picture of this gloomy region:—'If any thing,' he says, 'can add to the horror of the perfect darkness, it is the total silence which reigns in these dismal vaults. The voice of man is scarcely sufficient to disturb it; sound is, as it were, deadened by the thickness of the gloom. Echo itself, which the bewildered traveller may interrogate in the desert, dwells not in these silent cavities.'

It may naturally be conjectured, that superstition has peopled these subterranean vaults with demons and hobgoblins. Tradition has even allotted a hell and a paradise to the cavities of Petersberg. The huge pieces of coal, which an equal temperature has protected from the ravages of time, imagination has converted into monsters with claws, long tails, and horns. In various places, names, inscriptions, and remote dates record the history of the origin of the excavations, and relate numerous adventures and unfortunate deaths, of which Petersberg has been the theatre. In one part of the vaults, a workman, whose torch became extinguished, perished amidst the pangs of hunger and the horrors of darkness; his hat and some fragments of his clothes still remain, to attest his melancholy fate. In another part the walls present the history of four friars, who purposed to erect a chapel at the remotest point of these cavities. The thread by which they were to trace back their way to the opening of the vaults, broke; the unfortunate men perished, and their bodies were subsequently found at the distance of a few paces from each other. However, catastrophes of this terrible kind presented fewer horrors to the conscripts of the Lower Meuse than the pursuits of the gendarmerie, and, according to the best testimony, many preferred these dismal retreats to the laurels of Wagram and Jena.

The interior of the Hill of St Peter has given rise to anecdotes worth collecting: the Austrians, having possession of the Fort of Petersberg, discovered a secret communication with the vaults of the hill, of which the French troops guarded some of the

entries. With torch in hand and fixed bayonets, the Austrians attempted to surprise the French, but the latter, warned by the subterranean lights, rushed upon the enemy, who were dazzled by their own torches, and a conflict ensued, which resembled a combat of the infernal deities.

The following story is of a less serious nature. Maestricht had fallen into the power of the French, and long continued a most formidable garrison. A portion of the Austrian population fled to the vaults beneath the hill of St. Peter. They took their cattle with them, and in the subterranean cavities they hastily constructed rooms and stables. The French were unable to account for the miraculous disappearance of a portion of the conquered inhabitants, when a pig, which had escaped from its sty, rushed along the subterranean galleries, squeaking tremendously. It was heard by the French centinels and this circumstance led them to suspect the retreat of the Austrians. They adopted means to make the pig squeak still louder, in the hope of attracting the fugitives, when, to the great surprise of the French soldiers, several pigs rushed out to answer the summons of the imprudent deserter. In ancient times the Roman capitol was saved by geese, and, on this occasion, a pig caused the destruction of the little republic of Petersberg. The Austrians were routed from their retreat, and their cattle and pigs, as may well be supposed, were speedily roasted and devoured.

LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

The following details of the periodical press and public libraries of France afford a view of the state of literature in that country:—

The legislation on the press is founded on the decree of the National Convention, of July 19, 1793; on the decree of Napoleon, of 1st Germinal, 13; 5th Feb. and 14th December, 1810; 2d Feb. and 21st October, 1814; 27th March and 8th October, 1819; 17th May and 9th June, 1819; 21st March, 1820; and what has been prescribed by the latest enactments, which are of the most arbitrary and degrading character, tending to destroy discussion, and the benefits which might result from a free press.

Public Libraries in Paris.

1. The Royal Library has above 700,000 printed volumes, and 70,000 manuscripts.

2. The Library of Monsieur, 150,000 printed volumes, and 3000 manuscripts.

3. Library of St. Genevieve, 110,000 printed volumes, and 2000 manuscripts.

4. The Mazarine Library, 92,000 printed volumes, and 3000 manuscripts.

5. Library of the City of Paris, 20,000 volumes.

All these are daily open to the public.

Besides these, there are in Paris, and the departments, other libraries, to which access may be obtained; the principal of which are,—the private libraries of the King in the Tuileries, Fontainebleau, St. Cloud, Trianon, and Rambouillet; the library of the Legislative Body; of the Council of State (30,000 vols.); of the Institute; of the Invalids (20,000 vols.); of the Court of Cassation, formerly the library of the Advocates and Polytechnic School.

Under the Minister of the Royal Household are 10 libraries; of the Interior, 22; of War, 12; of Justice, 5; of Foreign Affairs, 1; of the Marine, 6; of Finance, 2.

The Chambers of the Peers and the Deputies have each a library; that of the latter contains 30,000 volumes.

Among the printing offices, the Imprimerie Royale claims the first place, on account of its extent and admirable arrangement. It prints the Memoirs of the Institute, and all other works which the King causes to be published, as a recompense or encouragement, gratis.

There are at Paris 79 printing-offices, 18 lithographic presses, 38 letter-founders, 616 booksellers, 84 dealers in second-hand books, 201 book-binders, 16 book-stitchers, 2 book-repairers, 390 copper-plate engravers, 11 wood-cutters, 17 map-engravers, 17 form-cutters, 17 die-engravers, 9 music-engravers, 127 copper-plate presses, 140 printsellers, 11 mapsellers, 50 musicsellers, 43 wholesale stationers, 9 pasteboard manufacturers, 6 stained-paper manufacturers, 4 parchment manufacturers, 6 manufacturers of printers' ink, 4 press makers, 2 joiners for presses, 3 dealers in printing materials.

Daily and other Periodical Publications.—Political journals (14).—*Moniteur*, *Gazette de France*, *Journal de Paris*, *Constitutionnel*, *Journal des Debats*, *Courier Français*, *Quotidienne*, *Journal de Commerce*, *Drapeau Blanc*, *L'Etoile du Soir*, *Regulateur*.

Advertisers, 4.

Half periodical works, 10.—*L'Ami de la Religion*, *Le Defenseur*, *Lettres Champenoises*, *Lettres Normandes*, *L'Intrepide*, *L'Observateur*, *L'Organisateur*, *La Parachute Monarchique*, *Le Pilote Européen*, *O Contemporaneo*.

Religious Journals, 3.—*Chronique Relig.*; *Archives de Christianisme au 19 Siècle*; *Annales Protestantes*.

Scientific journals, 9.—*Annaes das Sciencias*, *das Artes*, e *das Letras*; *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*; *Annales des Mines*; *Annales Encyclopediques*; *Annales Françaises des Sciences et des Arts*; *Bibliothèque Physico-Economique*; *Bul-*

letin des Sciences; Journal de Physique, de Chimie, d'Histoire Naturelle, et des Arts; Journal des Savans.

Literary journals, 15.—Bibliographie de la France; Annales de la Littérature et des Arts; Archives de la Littérature et des Arts; Conservateur Littéraire; Courrier des Spectacles, de la Littérature, et des Modes; Galignani's Repertory of English Literature; Hermes Classique; Journal General de la Littérature de la France; Ditto de la Littérature Étrangère; Journal des Theatres, de la Littérature, et des Arts; le Lycée François; le Mercure Royal; la Minerve Littéraire; Revue Encyclopédique; Tablettes Universelles.

Journals relating to law and jurisprudence, 22.

Medical Journals, 14.

Journals for arts and professions, 12,—among which are, Annales du Musée et de l'Ecole des Beaux Arts; Memoires du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle.

Military Journals, 2.—Journal Militaire Officiel; Archives Françaises.

Journals for education, 2.—Journal d'Education; un Quart d'Heure de Lecture; Journal des Villes et des Campagnes.

Geographical journals, 2.—Annales (Nouvelles) des Voyages, de la Géographie, et de l'Histoire; Journal des Voyages, Découvertes, et Navigations Modernes.

Journals of fashions, 2.—Journal des Dames et des Modes; l'Observateur des Modes.

In the departments there are public libraries, 25, with above 1,700,000 vols.; of which Troyes has 50,000; Aix, 72,670; Marseilles, 31,500; Dijon, 36,000; Besançon, 53,000; Toulouse, 30,000 and 20,000; Bourdeaux, 105,000; Tours, 30,000; Grenoble, 42,000; Arras, 34,000; Strasburg, 51,000; Colmar, 30,000; Lyons, 106,000; Le Mans, 41,000; Versailles, 40,000; Amiens, 40,000; 613 printing-offices, 26 lithographic printing-offices, 5 letter-foundries, 1025 booksellers, 92 paper-manufactories.

Original Poetry.

LINES,

Written at the beautiful Seat of Earl Mount Edgcombe, off the Breakwater, Plymouth.

O TRANQUIL shades! O silent bowers!

O groves, glens, and groves!

Among thy balmy breathing flowers

The muse delighted roves.

Thro' classic haunts, in pensive mood,
To monumental caves.

Lo! where the willow's solitude

Its mournful branches waves.

Whose dark green locks o'er shadow'd streams

A melancholy throws;

What time the sun's departing beam

His setting grandeur shows!

O happy shades! O tranquil hours!

O spot belov'd in vain!

Ne'er shall I taste thy balmy flowers,

Nor pace thy walks again.

August, 1822.

HATT.

IMPROMPTU,

Occasioned by a Perusal of the new-fangled Marriage Act.

'All marriages in heaven are made;'

So saintly men have ever said,

And eke full many a bard.

But, poor celestials! ye must bow

Humbly to earthly power,—for now

They're made in Palace Yard.

MARITUS.

STANZAS.

WHEN the sun has sunk, reclining

On the bosom of the west;

When the little glowworm's shining,

And the flocks have gone to rest;

When the nightingale is singing

To the moon her love-sick lay;

When the owl is swiftly winging

Down the meadows for his prey;

When the dew of even glitters

On the grass beneath our feet;

And the bat around us twitters;

Then, my charmer, we will meet.

Meet beside the streamlets, flowing

From their native rocky beds;

While a thousand planets glowing,

Roll majestic o'er our heads.

There, when half the world is dreaming,

We will steal a virtuous kiss;

And the while the moon is beaming,

Talk of love and future bliss.

Sept. 1822.

WILLIAM.

SONNET,

Occasioned on reading the melancholy Death of Louisa Brachman, the Poetess of Love.

WHOSE corpse is that, yon blue wave from the deep,

Which the tempestuous surge, with angry

rage,

Has thrown? *—all beaut'ous charge in Death's

cold sleep!

Love's victim to the damp relentless grave!

'Tis poor Louisa's form, of heavenly mould;

Her locks congeal'd and bosom bare;

With pallid looks, and cheeks as marble cold,

Yet still in death she lives immortal there.

No more, enchantress of the Muses' lyre,

Shall thy soft strains invite the soul to love;

Those sounds, that wak'd to elegant desire,

Angels alone now hear and chaunt above:

Whilst love and pity, both denied thee here,

Are now enjoyed in a diviner sphere.

HATT.

Fine Arts.

MR. DAY'S EXHIBITION

OF ANCIENT PICTURES AND CASTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

(Continued from p. 717.)

No. 7. 'Christ in the Garden.' Correggio.—The admirable effect of light and shade in this painting is truly worthy of the pencil that produced it. The head of Christ is exquisite. It is, altogether, a very pleasing little picture.

8. 'St. John,' Bronzino Allori: un-

* Her corpse was found on the Saale, not far from the Sheenmhüle. She had formed an attachment to a young officer. At the time she committed the rash act, she was on a visit to Professor Schöling.

doubtedly, the finest performance of that artist that I ever saw. It is something in the style of Vandyck, but the tints of the flesh are rather too cold and sombre. The head and the right arm are excellent: the landscape is very pretty. I must not pass over the frame-work of this picture in silence: I should imagine it to be the original in which it was first placed; it is very rich and most exquisitely carved.

9. 'The Descent of Bacchus,' Domenichino: a most beautiful cabinet picture, full of *furia* and force of composition. Whatever may be the usual want of nobleness in this painter's works, which Du Fresnoy says he had less of than all the rest who studied in the school of the Caracci, he certainly, in this instance, cannot be reproached with that fault. The coloring is very splendid; it reminds one of the warmth and harmony of Rubens. The whole figure is admirable; the impetuosity of the descent is marked in every limb and by the disturbed flow of the drapery. The painting is in wonderful preservation.

No. 10. 'Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' by himself. The painter has portrayed himself in a loose morning dress and a fur cap. The colours are much mellowed but not injured by time.

11. 'The Holy Family,' Barroccio. The observation of Sir Joshua Reynolds upon this painter's general style applies in particular to this individual picture: his words are, 'Barroccio, though, upon the whole, one of Correggio's most successful imitators, yet sometimes, in endeavouring at cleanliness or brilliancy of tint, overshot the mark, and falls under the criticism that was made on an ancient painter,—that his figures looked as if they fed on roses!' The persons introduced are Joseph and Mary, with Christ in her arms, and St. John. I cannot help thinking that the artist has selected rather a cruel amusement for the Holy Family: he has represented them smiling, and delighted with St. John, who has taken a bird out of its cage, and holding it up, is tantalizing a cat, which seems prepared to spring aloft, to the no small danger and fear of the feathered songster. By this judicious arrangement Christ becomes quite a secondary personage. The virgin's nose is too red—altogether, she looks like a Dutch woman. The face of Joseph is very good; so is the attitude of St. John,—it reminds one of the infant Jove.

12. 'Rape of Deianira,' a small cabinet picture, by Filippo Lauri: the style bad, but the colouring excellent. I am not aware that I ever heard of this painter before.

13. 'Virgin and Child and St. John;' Giulio Romano.—A beautiful painting by that exquisite and poetical painter, whom Fresnoy does not hesitate to place in immediate succession to Raffaello and Angelo:—

'Julius a puero Musarum eductus in antris,
Aonias reseravit opes, graphicæque poesi,
Quæ non visa prius, sed tantum audita poetis,
Ante oculos spectanda dedit sacraria Phœbi;
Quæque coronatis complevit bella triumphis
Heroum fortuna potens, casusque decoros,
Nobilis re ipsâ antiquâ pinxisse videtur.*

DE ARTE GRAPHICA, v. 522.

14. 'Solomon instructing Youth,' by Giorgione.—The colouring and disposition of light and shade are the only merits of this picture; the figures are all stiff and formal, and the landscape quite out of character: it is a small picture.

15. 'Susanna and the Elders:' Pordenone.—This painting forcibly reminds the spectator of the colouring of Giorgione, who, I believe, was the master of Pordenone. The fleshy tints are very warm and rich; the arm of Susanna, which is in the act of repelling the elders, is divine. The hue of the whole picture is finely mellowed.

16. 'Boccaccio and Fiametta:' Titiano.—A superb specimen of Titiano's excellence in portrait-painting. Both the figures are crowned with jasmine. Boccaccio has one arm round the neck of Fiametta, who is singing: her mouth is admirable. We may conclude that this is a strong likeness of the author of the Decameron, from the other portraits we have of him, as well as from Titian's known excellence in this branch of his art.

17. 'Virgin and Child:' Raffaello.—The best praise we can bestow on this picture is, by saying that it does credit to the painter.

18. 'The Annunciation:' Francesco Salvi—I believe his name is Salviati; he is, however, but little known; though, if one might judge by this production of his pencil, he is worthy a high rank in his profession. The painting consists of two half-length figures, the Madonna and Gabriel; the downcast meekness of the Virgin is beautiful: the angel is holding a lily in his hand, the whiteness of which affords a fine contrast to the delicacy of the skin;

* I should have subjoined Mr. Mason's translation, but it is wholly unworthy of the original; and I have not Dryden's prose paraphrase at hand to refer to.

his wings are most exquisite—they are of a lustrous white, tinged with a pale blue. On the whole, for elegance, yet simplicity of composition; brilliancy, yet harmony of colouring; and general expression, it would yield to no picture in the collection.

These are all the paintings that are numbered; but there are a few more, which must not be passed over in silence:—An admirable Vandervelde; the subject, a sea-fight, in his best style of finishing. 'A Virgin and Child and Angel,' by Lionardo da Vinci.—With the exception of two figures in the left back-ground, which have no business there, most excellent! There is also a picture of three dogs, by a modern Roman artist, of great merit: it is finished with great labour and accuracy.

T. J. A.

(To be continued.)

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Kean made his first appearance for the season on Monday night, in his often-repeated character of Richard III. The theatre was crowded to excess; but this is, indeed, the case every night. There could scarcely be expected any novelty in his acting, which is already stamped with so much excellence. He did not elicit any new beauties, but played it with his usual spirit and correctness. We may now expect such a succession of excellent comedies and tragedies, as may prevent melo-drame from daring to show its head on these boards, save as a subordinate piece. Braham, too, is announced, so that opera will put in her share to divide the honours of New Drury.

On Tuesday, the good old comedy of the *Provoked Husband* was performed at this theatre. This play, when first produced, was acted twenty-eight nights without intermission, notwithstanding that Colley Cibber, who had finished it from a few scenes left by Sir John Vanbrugh, was at that time unpopular. As usual, however, prejudice, which seldom judges correctly, made Cibber's enemies mistake what he had written. They bestowed the highest praise on the part which related to Lord Townley's provocations from his wife, which was mostly by Cibber, at the same time that they condemned and opposed the journey to London part of the comedy, which was almost entirely Vanburgh's, for no other apparent reason than because they ima-

gined it to be Cibber's. Cibber, however, determined to 'print it, and shame the fools,' and soon convinced his enemies how admirable their judgment was, by publishing all the scenes which Sir John had left behind him, exactly from his own manuscript, under the single title of 'A Journey to London.'—This comedy has always kept possession of the stage, and is almost the only production of either of its authors that has done so, on account of their general want of decency and morality: *The Provoked Husband* is free from those gross violations of both, which distinguish all the plays of Vanbrugh and most of those of Cibber. It is well written, has many pleasing incidents, and several brilliant sallies of wit and humour. It is, too, a correct representation of nature; for Lady Townlys and the family of the Wrongheads are quite as numerous now as at any former period, and likely to continue to all ages.

The comedy, on Tuesday night, was generally very strongly cast. Mr. Elliston's Lord Townly was marked by a dignified ease and gentlemanly deportment, but we never like to see him condemned to be sententious and didactic. It would, however, perhaps be difficult to get a more able representative for the character. Downton was an admirable Sir Francis Wronghead, and by his blunders and embarrassments kept the audience in one continued roar of laughter all the time he was on the stage. Our old favourite Munden, after a severe fit of the gout, sustained the character of honest John Moody, in that rich vein of humour so peculiarly his own. The description of the journey to London, which was written by Vanbrugh, is worth a whole dozen of modern comedies: and it has, perhaps, seldom been related with more comic humour and apparently artless sincerity than by this excellent actor. Mr. Cooper played Manly, we believe, for the first time: this actor is improving very rapidly, and, we think, he will soon discover that sentimental comedy is more his *forte* than tragedy; his Manly was a chaste, correct, and gentlemanly performance. Mrs. Davison played Lady Townly, a performance quite familiar to the town. In the early scenes she was as volatile as the most husband-provoking-pleasure-loving wife of the present day could wish, and, in the scene which terminates her folly, virtue could not exact a more sincere repentance. Mrs. W. West appeared, for

the first time, as Lady Grace, and the character was never, in our recollection, so *graced* before. Thalia and Melpomene must have some more struggles for this lady before we can decide to whom she belongs. Knight and Miss Copeland played Squire Richard and Miss Jenny with much spirit; but they ought to recollect that it is not merely when they are speaking that they are before the audience, who watch them the whole time they are on the stage. Sorry, therefore, were we to see two such favourites, of whose talents and good sense no one entertains a higher respect than ourselves, indulging in fantastic buffooneries and childish tricks in the back of the stage while the dialogue was going on, which they rendered lost to the audience.

COVENT GARDEN.—This house continues to bring forward a succession of popular dramas. On Saturday night, *The Stranger* was performed, in which Miss Lacy appeared as Mrs. Haller; this lady rises in public estimation upon every new representation, and her forcible delineation of this character leads us to expect its frequent repetition. Mr. C. Kemble's *Stranger* needs not our praise, and in the other characters, there was nothing of novelty deserving particular notice.

On Monday night the tragedy of *Jane Shore* was played, and introduced another lady to the London boards, in the character of Alicia. It is at all times painful to condemn, but more particularly so when a lady is before us; we would, therefore, defer any decided judgment on the merits of this fair debutante till we have seen her again, and in some more prepossessing character; at present, we are inclined to think her deficient in several of the requisites for the first rank in tragedy. Her person is not elegant, she is not graceful in her movements, and her articulation, though occasionally good, is not always distinct. Miss Lacy's *Jane Shore*, and Mr. C. Kemble's *Lord Hastings* were in their usual style of excellence; Mr. Bartley's *Dumont* was good, but we could not resist joining in a laugh at Mr. Yates's violence in the Duke of Gloucester, particularly where he exhibited his withered arm, which he used most roughly considering that he had just described it as paralysed and nerveless.

On Wednesday, Mr. Macready made his first appearance this season in the character of *Othello*, which he sustained with his accustomed energy, and was rapturously greeted by the au-

dience. Mr. C. Kemble's *Cassio* was an inimitable performance; and Mr. Yates as *Iago*, and Miss Foote as *Desdemona*, were highly deserving of commendation. At the conclusion of the piece, the audience in the pit mounted the seats, waving their hats, while the reiterated shouts of bravo, resounding from all parts of the house, proved the high estimation in which Mr. Macready's talents are held by the public.

On Thursday night 'one of the most pleasing of all Shakspeare's plays,' the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, was admirably performed. With the exception of *Paris*, all the prominent characters were well filled, and why that was not, it is not our province to divine. A young lady from Dublin, Miss F. H. Kelly, had been announced several days to make her *debut* as *Juliet*, and as she entered, led in by Mrs. Davenport, the most cheering acclamations encouraged her in her arduous enterprise: there is scarcely any scene more interesting than that of an elegant, delicate, and accomplished young lady submitting her qualifications for theatric fame to the test of a London audience: on this occasion, Miss Kelly's agitation and modest demeanor heightened the general feeling; and her first sentences, though delivered in a tremulous, but distinct voice, bespoke the peculiar favour which cultivated genius can alone command.

The beginning scenes are more natural and easier to be portrayed than those which follow, but, as the difficulties of the scene increased, new powers were developed, and the whole of this lady's performance merited the warmest encomiums. Her person is of middle stature, her features rather pleasing than commanding, her voice distinct, though at times somewhat harsh and inharmonious, and her action easy and graceful; she is from the Dublin Theatre, and consequently well acquainted with the stage. Mr. C. Kemble's *Romeo* is generally considered a *chef-d'œuvre*; there is no performer on the stage whose countenance acts more in unison with nature than this gentleman's; we consequently regretted that his immense plume of feathers should at times overshadow his face, and deprive us of its intelligence. In the church-yard scene, we doubt the propriety of his delivery, when he observes to his servant—

'The time and my intents are savage wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea;' which he delivers in a *roaring* voice.

The gay, witty, brave *Mercutio* had an admirable representative in Mr. Jones; and Mr. Meadows, as the apothecary, was truly with 'famine in his cheeks.' We cannot notice every point of excellence. Mrs. Davenport's *Nurse* merits all praise—it is a fine picture; but we must not omit to remark, that much attention has been paid to the scenery, which is, in reality, grand and superb, and reflects the highest degree of credit upon the taste and skill of the artists. Loud plaudits and bravos accompanied each passing scene, and the continued acclamations at the fall of the curtain were answered by the announcement of this tragedy for two successive evenings.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Here pantomime and melo-drama, assisted with an *intelligent* stud of horses, flourish within their legitimate limits. A pantomime, entitled *Harlequin Achilles*, by a transformation in its scenery, intimates that an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington would have been a more appropriate memorial of the noble warrior than the *renowned* Hyde Park Achilles; and the adventures of the harlequinade are, perhaps, as well supported as harlequinades need be; but the melo-drama of *Fillebrande, or the Female Bandit*, must outrival all the theatres royal in this sort of dramatic representation. Miss Poole is the female bandit, and, in figure, skill, and courage, is well suited to keep a terrific banditti in subjection; mounted on horseback, she leads them through all the perils of battle, sword in hand, to theatrical triumph, where castles are fired and blown into the air, while one of the horses bears off the standard in triumph, amidst the expiring agonies of its biped and quadruped associates. This romantic piece affords some good singing, in which Miss Healy and Mr. Healy are the principal performers. Messrs. Herring, Slader, and Ridgway, have also prominent parts in this splendid melo-drama.

Literature and Science.

The first number of Mr. Fosbroke's 'Encyclopædia of Antiquities and Elements of Archæology,' dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, and the first work of this kind ever edited in England, will very speedily be published.

The new edition of the 'Progresses of Queen Elizabeth' is in considerable forwardness. Two volumes are printed

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at the press, and the third is so far advanced, that the whole may be expected early in 1823. The volumes are now much enlarged, and will be accompanied by proper indexes.

A separate volume of the 'Progresses of King James' is also preparing for the press by Mr. Nichols.

We hear that Mr. Salter is at present occupied in painting a scene from the novel of the *Lollards*, which has lately occupied so considerable a share of the public attention; and from the specimens we have already seen of the talent of this rising young artist, we may fairly presume that his pencil will do honour to this highly interesting work. That the author of the *Lollards* will have no cause to lament that the illustration of his work has fallen into the hands of Mr. Salter, may be fairly inferred from the great talent he has shewn in his copy of Carlo Dolce's *St. John*, which, in the opinion of the best professional judges, was one of the most striking specimens of talent among the copies from the old masters, lately exhibited to a select number at the British Gallery.

New South Wales.—*Sydney, Mar. 22.*—On Wednesday last his Excellency the President, and members of the Philosophical Society of Australasia, made an excursion to the South Head of Botany Bay, for the purpose of affixing a brazen tablet with the following inscription against the rock on which Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks first landed:—

A. D.—MDCCCLXX.

Under the auspices of British Science,
These Shores were discovered
By

James Cook and Joseph Banks,
The Columbus and Mæcenæ of their time.
This spot once saw them ardent
In the pursuit of Knowledge;

Now,

To their Memory, this Tablet is inscribed,
In the first year of

The Philosophical Society of Australasia.
Sir Thomas Brisbane, K. C. B., F. R. S. L. & E.
Corresponding member of the Institute of France.
President.

A. D.—MDCCCXXII.

'On this interesting occasion the Society had the good fortune to be assisted by Captain Gambier, and several of the officers of his Majesty's ship *Dauntless*; and, after dining together in a natural harbour on the shore, they all repaired to the rock, against which they saw the tablet soldered, about twenty-five feet above the level of the sea; and they there drank to the fame of the illustrious men, whose discoveries they were then met to commemorate.'

Near Brownsville, in Pennsylvania, a storm lately tore up a large oak. By its fall with its roots, the surface of a sand-stone was laid bare about sixteen feet square. On the smooth surface of this work several figures are engraved, among which are two of human form, a man and a woman, with a tree between them; the woman has fruit in her hand; figures of deer, bears, &c. are also carved on it. The oak was at least from 5 to 600 years old; consequently, these figures must have been carved long before the discovery of America by Columbus.—This is another strong proof, among hundreds already discovered, that the present American Indians are by no means the aborigines of the New World.

The Bee.

HOB'S LOGIC AT THE PLAYHOUSE.
IMPROMTU.

'Pay here, sir, pay here,' cried the cash-taker loud,

As Hob and his wife hustled in;

'You two there, who stop up the way of the crowd,

Come, make haste, or the play will begin.'

'We two!' answer'd Hob, 'where's your eyesight I pray,

I and wife are but one, ask the parson!'

That's logic, my man, but for two you must pay,

Or how could we carry the farce on?'

To the Curious!!!—As mermaids are now all the rage, a gentleman of great enterprize, anxious to gratify the taste of a DISCERNING PUBLIC, has undertaken to procure a whole *shoal of them*, which will make their appearance on the *First of April next* at London Bridge, where they will perform a number of *favourite quadrilles* and other evolutions, never before thought of by the manufacturers, or attempted by these *Wonders of the World!!!*—As the gentleman has, at immense expense, secured the attendance of these *favourites* of the public, and likewise the sole possession of London Bridge for their accommodation, he trusts the trifling remuneration of one shilling per head will not be thought exorbitant.

At the Craven's Head a few evenings ago, a dispute arose respecting the existence of the mermaid, when 'mine host' undertook to prove it logically. 'Now,' said Oxberry, 'if I prove the existence of mermen, will you believe it?' 'Certainly.' 'Why then,' says he, 'a merman is but a seaman, and a mermaid is but a seamaid; now as I believe no one will doubt (our enemies at least will not,) that we have plenty of seamen, why may not we have seamaids

also.' The reasoning was irrefragable, a bumper was filled to the 'pride of the ocean,' which was followed by the song of the 'Beautiful Maid,' given in exquisite style by one of the company.

A poetical coal vender in the *Holy Land*, by way of inducing his customers to give a good price for coals, wrote up as follows over his door:—

I sends out coals,
To all good souls;
To them what bates,
Why I sends slates!!!

A sailor, at the battle of Trafalgar, who was actively employed at one of the guns on the quarter-deck of the *Britannia*, had his leg shot off a little below the knee, and observing an officer, who was ordering him to be conveyed to the cock-pit, said—'That's but a shilling touch, your honour; an inch higher, and I should have my *eighteen pence* for it!' alluding to the scale of pensions allowed for wounds, which, of course, increase according to their severity. The same resolute fellow, as they were lifting him on a brother tar's shoulders, said to one of his friends—'I say, Bob, take a look for my leg, and give me the silver buckle out of my shoe—I'll do as much for you another time!'

Anecdote.—Pont Alais was a famous writer for the theatres. He shone equally in history, morality, satire, and farce. It appears, that he gave the hint of levying a duty of one penny on each basket of salted cod that was brought to market at the Halles, in Paris. He was so afflicted by a sense of this crime, toward the end of his days, that he insisted on being interred under the kennel in the Rue Montmartre 'deeming himself unworthy,' says Du Verdier, 'of a more decent place of burial.' His wishes, we know, were punctually complied with.

The Good Old Times.—In the reign of Edward III., the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench had a salary of no more than 66l. 13s. 4d. per annum, and the ordinary judges of that Bench and of the Common Pleas had only 40l. per annum. The annual allowance of Edward the Fourth's confessor was higher; it was 69l. 10s. 6d. In the year 1573, Queen Elizabeth created the Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England during life, with a salary of 20l. per annum. Her Secretary for the French tongue, Thomas Edmonds, Esq. was treated more generously: his salary was 66l. 13s. 4d.; and the same with that of the Chief Justice.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Contrast, a plain Tale,' in our next.

J. H. is not forgotten; his paper shall certainly have a place in our next: and we shall, at all times, be happy to hear from him.

The favours of Timothy Titus, A Merewoman, and Casca, are under consideration,

Advertisements.

A new Almanack for 1823 upon an improved Plan.

On Tuesday, the 19th of November next, will be published, neatly stitched in coloured Paper, price 4s.

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or, ANNUAL COMPENDIUM of Astronomical, Statistical, Scientific, and interesting Information for the Year of our Lord, 1823, being the Third after Bissextile, or Leap Year: exhibiting, besides the usual Contents of an Almanack, correct Synopses of curious and useful Particulars relative to Astronomy, Chemistry, Chronology, Geography, Life Assurances, and Annuities; Mortality, Specific Gravities, Statistics, &c.—Including, also, in each Month of the Calendar, a ruled Page to facilitate the keeping of a Meteorological Register.

London: Printed for the Company of Stationers, by G. Woodfall, Angel Court, Skinner Street, and sold by G. GREENHILL, at their Hall, Ludgate Street.

*** In this Almanack the miscellaneous matter relates to several topics of general interest amongst well informed men of all classes and professions, arranged so as to supply much important information.—The tabular synopsis of the solar system, that of the latitudes and longitudes of places, the comparative tables of population, of revenue, debt, and the chronological tables of scientific, nautical, and geographical discoveries, will, it is hoped, be found particularly interesting.

TIME'S TELESCOPE FOR 1823.

On the 19th of November will be published, with the Almanacks, price 9s. illustrated by a coloured Plate of Insects, and numerous Wood-cuts,

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London: Printed for SHERWOOD, NEELY, and JONES, Paternoster Row.

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